"Ever notice," asked Lucille, the waitress, of the newspaper man as he took a seat in the small restanrant on Broadway, how many people make tilleanies of themselves In the theatre by tarking while the play is in progression, and true spoils ing it for their neighborn "I can't may that I have," he re-

Well, there's lote of them. Last night a friend of mine and me went to see The Song of Sunga, and right behind us was a female gaufest and his wife began to battle on the stage than this thing behind me says to what was with her 'Willie's got a boll on his neck and he can't dance

these nights. "'Stiff neck, ch" he asks. 'Sure, she says. 'Wille's one of the best dancers in our set, too."

"Just then the girl on the stage gives a sob. "Listen to Irene Cowi," mys the gabby one behind me. You mean Jane Fenwick, says her gentleman friend. 'She's acting fine, ain't shot 'She sure is,' says Miss Talky-

"She was quiet a minute and then she says: 'By the way, they say Miss Penwick ain't real well. Makes me think about my stater. She baked come biscuits for her husband yestorday and they didn't agree with him. He ot two and flopped.' 'Keeled over, ch? be says. 'He sure did,' she zeplies. 'Well,' he says, 'didn't the yeast raise him again? Ha! bal' Just a minute, Harold, says the girl. 'It wasn't no laughing matter. The doc-

wasn't no laughing matter. The doctor said they must 'a' been some insipid poison in the flour.'

"About that time I gets mad. I turns around and says: 'Yer sister give the insipid poison to the wrong relative, lady.' Well, sir, it shut her up like a claim and we don't get another peep out of her."

"After that you had a chance to enjoy the show, I presume," said the newspaper man.

"Oh, sure!" replied Lucilla. "But say," she said a moment later, "what d'ye suppose could 'a been in them biscuits?"

night in May he disappeared-just where he went the miners couldn't

The camp missed Barnaby a lot; the Star sure changed a sight. His music gone, the place got tough. Bill's miners there would fight. Bill's miners there would fight. Bill's playin', all the fellers knew, had sort o' soothed the men an' with it out the place become a reg'lar trouble den. Two years went by—it got much worse. One night, in March I think, a great big fight took place in there. Some man refused to drink. They pulled their guns an' bullets flew, but aims were poor at best. Just at its height a man stepped in an' fell, shot in the breast.

When that occurred the rest of 'em

When that occurred the rest of 'em quit shootin' right away. Nobody else was badly hurt—'twus just a bluff affray. They picked the injured feller up.'

The man was conscious still, an' when they looked him in the face they found they'd plugged poor Bill. Well, say, the miners almost cried. Bill smiled an' says, "I guess I'm booked to cross the great divide. There'll soon be one chump less. But I ain't goin' yet a while Just set me on that chair. I want to play 'Kentucky Home.' I love that good old air."

They did it an' they held him there.

They did it an' they held bim there. Bill played an' sung real low "Kentucky Home" the same old way he did before, you know. The miners stood with moistened eyes; no sound came from their lips. Bill stopped an' says, 'That's all, I guess,' an' then cashed in his chips.

We buried him next afterneon up near the Sunset mine an' on the mound we put a stab—a smoothed off piece of pine. We didn't want to lose the grave. To mark it wus our aim. The pine slab said, "Bill Harnaby—Good Music Wus His Game."

Clara Palmer has gone to Philadel-phia to sing with the Woodside Park Johnny Weber will produce a play-

mobile and a new motor boat at her summer home at Seagate.

For Infants and Children

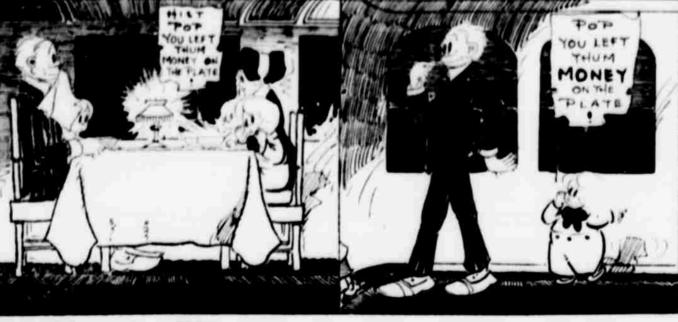
IN USE FOR OVER 30 YEARS

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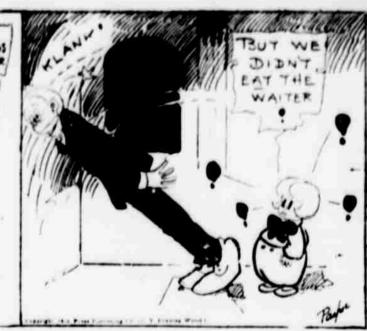
Leila Hughes will introduce a new song entitled "A Wonderful Thing Called Love" in "A Modern Eve" at the Casino to-night.

Always bears

"'S'MATTER, POP!"







her Beau Brummer wife were terrible. FLOOEY AND AXEL-Doubtless Flooey Took an Awful Flop in Your Estimation When He Did This!

By Vic

By C. M. Payne



ID GO OUT TO SEE THAT GAME MYSELF IF I HAD ANY COIN, SO YOU NEEDN'T WEERY FOR FEAR. I'LL BE THERE! I'LL JUST TAKE! A STROLL IN THE TEARK.





HOW JEAN GOT AHEAD No. Thirteen-The Little Things That Count

A "SUCCESS MOVIE" for YOUNG WOMEN-Illustrated by ELEANOR SCHORER.

By Betty Vincent





She is always willing to do a little more than she s paid to do. Her day is supposed to end at five in the afternoon, but if the clock strikes that hour while she is busy on a letter she finishes her occupation of the moment before leaving.



She realizes that all her time at the office belongs her employer and not to herself. When Mollie drops in for a chat one day after lunch, Jean tells her friend politely but firmly that she doesn't receive callers during working hours.



The telephone operator, Jean's co-worker, is constantly making use of a powder-rag and a small pocket mirror, even while she sits at her desk. Jean is careful not to imitate her, for she feels sure their employer, Mr. Denbigh, does not approve.



One day Jean is hardly surprised to find the powdered, over-dressed girl at the switchboard replaced by another girl as plainly and neatly attired as herself. Meanwhile, the is planning another struggle with the world, and how she collects ammunition will be told

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THE EVENING WORLD'S "MOVIE STORY" COMPLETE EACH WEEK



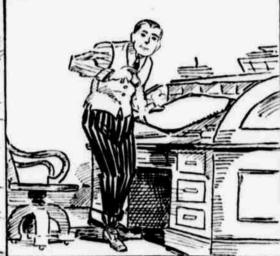
By Harry Patterson



Freddie Smith, a sporty young clerk, admits to a chance race-track friend, a smooth crook, that he has taken \$75 from his employer and lost it on a "sure George Payton, the cashier, has given him two days to make good. He cannot.



Freddie hates George, about his own age, because he was promoted over him. Only George and the manager are supposed to know the combination of the safe, but Freddie has learned it. The crook suggests that they rob the safe and put the blame on George,



The manager is away. He always figures on his blotter pad. Otherwise it is similar to George's. After hours. Freddie changes the pads He turns under the marked surface of the manager's and sprinkles the leather corners with an invisible powder given to him by the crook.



Next morning George, unsuspecting, clearly records his finger prints on the manager's pad, which has been substituted for his own. While he is at lunch, Freddie, wearing rubber gloves, re-exchanges the blotters, returning both to their proper places.



The cash receipts next day are large. Freddie hides in the store and at night admits the crook. They break open the manager's desk, leaving the blotted pad in a conspicuous place. As they turn to the safe, the porter, who has been asleep in the cellar, surprises them. - Continued to-morrow.

Dorothy Donnelly, through an arrangement with A. H. Woods, will appear with Arnold Daly in "Candida" at four matinees at the Pars Theatre May 18, 20, 25 and 27.

Shep Friedman had a parrow.

May 21 at the Shubert Theatre. Seats for the entertainment will be auc-tioned at the Playhouse Friday, be-ginning at 4.30 o'clock,

Gertrude Hoffman is said to have made \$55,000 in Bethiehem Steel re-cently. Anyway, she has a new auto-mobile and a new metor boat at her Summer home at Seagate.

A CAUTIOUS GIRL. Lucien M. Murdock, who lives on West One Hundred and Forty-fifth

let called "A Day at Court" at the Street, writes this department to

BROOKLYN HUMOR.

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.

"Did she marry for love?"

"Yes, love of money."

Good Stories Of the Day

GOSSIP.

William Raymond Sill was a caller a hotel fire in Kansas City recently. He saved a pair of shoes, a vest and his cane. His "getaway" caused great excitement.

Joseph Brooks is giving away copies of "Ben Bolt" as "Triby" sou-Venirs.

Clara Palmer has gone to Philadel-Philadel-Philadel-Phila to sing with the Woodside Park

William Raymond Sill was a caller in Kansas City recently. He saved a pair of shoes, a vest and his cane. His "getaway" caused great excitement.

Jerome H. Patrick will act with Grace George in a sketch called "The Wonder of the Age" at the Green Room Club's benefit the afternoon of May 21 at the Shubert Theatre. Seats of the porch, Chorus and the saved him of the porch, Chorus of the old stage drivers, operated a stroke source.

William Raymond Sill was a caller a hotel fire in Kansas City recently. He saved a pair of shoes, atriking aims, when seight with the save lones are a led who same lones are a led who same lones are shed was striking aims.

Some Driver!

A maden stood upon the porch; the clock was striking aims.

She will be the save and his saved her disched by the save lones are led who saved her disched very calmity to the things the gone as the saved her disched very calmity to the things the gone fine a betty of the old.

Some Driver!

A maden stood upon the porch; the clock was striking aims.

When leaved the occurrence and he saved her disched very calmity to the things the gone and the saved her disched very calmity to the things the gone and the saved her disched very calmity to the things the control of the porch.

Some Driver!

A maden stood upon the porch; the clock was striked aims.

Some Driver!

Some Driver! of the old stage drivers, operated a board?"

conveyance that made a circuit of I think its'd be contented and happy for a spell.

I wonder if you mean it is wonder very much.

Now, don't you aid me, Henry, or you will get in Dutch.

Dutch. for his fast, furious, daring driving. One day, the story runs, Pete tore into Carbonate on his usual dead run. Up to the "hotel" door clat-tered the stage. There, suddenly, as it stopped, one of the four horses fell dend. "Kinder sudden, that, Pete," said

the merit system," said

Jerome S. McWade, the Duhill, ten miles back; but I wasn't
hill, ten miles back; but I wasn't
to let him down until I got to

Shanghai at \$4,500 getting shifted to

the merit system," said

Jerome S. McWade, the Duhusband's friends in San Jose, asking
the miles back; but I wasn't
with the dawn came a farmer's 'ema.—Punch.

thirteen stun odd, an' I reckon she'll
cost me best part o' two shillings
the cost me best part o' two shillings
eleven pence a pound before I get her

With the dawn came a farmer's 'ema.—Punch.

Monday Morning Wonder bystander.
"Nuthin' sudden about it," said.
Pete. "That hoss died at the top of

Overheard in a Family. 66DLEASE shut that door!" "You wait. I'll get even with

you!" "I never knew her to be on time." "You're the biggest fool I know!" "Mother, can't I have just a little nore?"

"Now, who's been at the side-

"He'll catch his death of cold."
"What makes daddy so late?"
"How could you! My new table-

"I don't see anything the matter with her cooking." "Don't ever speak to me again!"
"Muth-her!"—Life.

A Terrible Misfortune.

66 THEY are shifting Consuls on

merit system to Flume at \$3,000. A few more such shifts and where will all of them the poor fellow land?

" 'Shifting Consuls on the merit system—that's a good way to express it, it reminds me of Bilson. "Have you heard of the terrible misfortune that has befallen Bones?"

Bilson said to me,
"No!" I said. "No!"
"'Bones, poor fellow," said Bilson,
has cloped with my wife."—Minneapolts Journal.

True Friendship.

yHAT is greater than the friendhad carefully explained that he must ing an' the license an' the parson's go to San Jose, but declared that he fees an' then I've to give 'er an' 'er would surely be back for 7 o'clock sister a piece of jewelry each, and dinner, as usual. He did not return wot with one thing an' another she's as per schedule. The hours dragged a 'eavy woman, as you know, mum,

the regilar stoppin' place.—Lippin- Barcelona at \$3,000. Another Consul wagon dragging in a broken-down cutt's Magazine. with a job at \$4,000 is shifted on the at the same moment a messenger boy arrived with six telegrams, and

all of them read:
"Yes. Walter is passing the night with me."—San Francisco Star.

A Costly Purchase.

ADY CUSTOMER (pleasantly)-I hear you are getting married to-day, Mr. Ribbs. Let me con-

gratulate you. Mr. Ribbs (the local butcher) - Well, dunno so much about congratulations, mum. It do be costing me a pretty penny, I can tell you. Mrs. ship that exists among men? Ribbs as is to be, what with her The young Alameda man trousseau, you know, an' the furnish-



Monday Morning Wonders